

ACROSS THE RIVER.

Viewing the Battle From the North Shore of the Monongahela.

THE HILL-TOPS CROWDED

With Thousands of Interested Residents of the East End.

PEERING THROUGH TELESCOPES.

An Interesting Stroll From Brown's Station to Braddock.

CAREFUL SCRUTINY OF STRANGERS

Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! like the flight of a startled duck across the gleaming face of the river sped a rifle ball and buried itself in the shaly bank.

"Ah, sir," said a woman who stood with her arms crossed in her apron, "I've better they did all go into the bank like that one than into the bodies of the poor men over there."

The whistle of a train at Swissvale station sounded shrilly. Below shone the Monongahela and over yonder directly in front frowned the blackened, silent chimneys and stacks of the Homestead works.

There to the right lay the town of Homestead stretching back from the smoking chimneys of the glass works to the hills. The town that "Caroline" Kennedy saw in his mind years ago lay there in new brick homes and yellow, freshly cut streets. Then came the rambling buildings and the green spots of Chief Elliot's farm. Here began the line of white fence which skirts the river bank and can be seen along the railroad track between the buildings of the mill plant.

The Mills and the Barges. Then came the long lines of idle work-shops, the great piles of metal in ingots, ore and merchantable forms, ranged one against the other for half a mile along the crescent of the river bend. Cutting the glistening line of the water, just above us to the left, were the weblike lines of the railroad bridge, and there, on the northern shore, were the tall stacks of the Carrie Furnace.

Lying close under the sheer, tall bank, just above the bridge, were the caissons, the two barges loaded with Pinkerton men. They lay there in the water, with their sterns to the river, and with their bows to the shore. They were loaded with such freight a few moments ago, but now they have a mixed and motley crowd on them, for the surrender has taken place and victors and vanquished are together at their quarters than they have been since the early morning.

Along the bare knolls on the high northern side of the river, hundreds of people armed with opera glasses, telescopes and field glasses had been standing for hours. Up at the Carrie Furnace there are five or six hundred men in a group. Here and there on the hillside and down along the bank, near the roadway of the Baltimore and Ohio, were snapshots artists taking what they could get—just as the people across the stream were doing with the furnishing of the boats they had captured, only they had no cameras.

The Shout of Victory. A great shout came across the water, and, even though powerful field glasses a stream of men, women and children climbs up the bank from the boats and is soon lost sight of behind the mill buildings. In the center of this stream are men carrying bags and bundles, and some are evidently under guard. They are the prisoners, going they know not where in the wilderness of work-shops. Derisive cheers and cries come clearly up from the valley and now and then there is the crack of a revolver or the louder boom of a gun.

Those who went first, those who formed the main body of the captured, were hustled and jostled as they were hurled through the crowd, and sticks and stones were bestowed upon them from the outer edges of the throng with cheerful liberality. Those who followed the procession, the men who struggled along singly or in pairs, were the ones who suffered most. They were beaten with clubs or struck with clubs that lay handy, and which were hurled in right good earnest. Occasionally one of the men would be thrown down, and then some stalwart, careless figure would do a skit dance on the stomach of the common foe. It was too far away to catch the expression on faces, but there was a humpness and a staggering and a dragging and a kicking and a trampling. Little scenes that were as pathetic and spoke as loudly of pain and suffering as words or groans.

Hurrying the Men Ashore. For half an hour this went on. Now and then some man would be rushed up the bank and out into the mill yard. These laggards paid well for their tardiness, whatever its cause was, for they ran the gauntlet of the angry crowd like in the days when the squaws wielded rods and cowhairs and white men ran between the lines.

At last this came to an end and there was more cheering, and then it seemed as though a great shout had been heard and its inhabitants were fleeing in every direction. These human ants bore burdens. Some had glistening burdens, some bore loads of a brilliant red and others white or brown. These on inspection became coffee pots, tin pans, bedding, mattresses, packages of provisions or clothing—the plunder of the barges. For another half hour these busy ones carried off their findings through the mill yards, up the tracks, along the river outside the fence, or along them in skiffs and carried them across the river. Then came a cloud of boys, little girls and women, who seemed to ransack the barges of smaller articles, and then as if disgusted or satisfied they began throwing things into the river. Wash tubs, pots and right tinware floated slowly down the glistening stream and bobbed up and down where it seemed to be the best of some of the skerton men lay.

By this time the crowd on the bank had lessened. Not more than 300 or 400 about on the top of the bank or lined bridge.

Turning the Model Barges. Suddenly there was a quick movement on barges. Children were off first and then women followed them. They hurried off a hundred yards, half above and below the barges, and stood looking at us as if something was to happen. Something did happen very shortly. From the corner of the barge furthest from the bank came a puff of smoke, then a flame shot up into the air and by and by the time one could count both of the barges were brilliantly ablaze. There was oil and tar in plenty on the barges if one could judge from the smoke, for in a great, dense column it rose straight in the air until it seemed to join the rose tinted, smoky clouds. Blacker and blacker, bigger and bigger grew the smoke cloud, and wild were the cheers from both groups of strikers. They waved caps and bats, guns and clubs. Just then a locomotive, black with mud, ran across the bridge, and when it was midway over the water a tall man stood up on the tender, waved a white rag and danced a jig.

Soon the smoke decreased as the fire lessened, and the hulks with their cargo of glowing embers or burning timbers came clearly into sight, while the steamboat landing blazed merrily.

Women and Children as Spectators. All this time the crowds on the hills increased. The green slopes above the mills were alive with women and children, while hundreds of people who had come out to Swissvale on the evening trains came hurrying through the woods.

The twilight came, lights began to twinkle in the houses on the hills and in the valley. The light of the embers gleamed across the river mingling with the stray sun rays. Night was coming. It was said that bullets broke some glasses in the houses near by, and one woman showed a bullet which had buried itself in the door of her kitchen.

A tall and rather pretty girl with a book under her arm watched the flames. "I wouldn't care if all those men were in there now," said she, smilingly. "They had no business to come and try to hurt these poor people. Yes, they ought to be burned up."

She was quite in earnest, and on the book in gilt letters ran the title, "Hymnal and Song Service."

"Well," said a brawny English workman, "this is the first of it. I wonder how much of a bill the taxpayers will have to pay."

Interested in Him. A Walk From Brown's Station to Braddock. What Was the Incident—Dangerous Regarded With Considerable Caution—Men Who Had Opinions.

When a reporter for THE DISPATCH made a trip along the north side of the Monongahela river yesterday afternoon there were some queer things developed. The reporter started from Brown's station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with the purpose in view of finding out just exactly where the cannon was located which had caused such deadly effect. The cannon could not be found on the north side of the river. The fact is it had been in the boom-

ing when the clock struck the hour before noon and was taken across the river. The reporter so soon as he landed at Brown's station was made at once aware of the fact that he was a center of interest. It may have been from the fact that he wore glasses. At all events he seemed to be a man who was worth looking after. A leisurely walk up that miserably cobblestoned road with three men dogging his footsteps was not an encouraging outlook.

Took a Great Interest in Him. When he had reached the City Farm station the reporter began to feel just a little nervous. There were three men following him, but about every hundred yards he was stopped by gentlemen who insisted upon knowing his business. It was all done politely, but it was the least bit embarrassing. It was a question of give a satisfactory explanation, wait for the next train, or take the river. Taking the river meant that a man should be able to swim. As the reporter could not swim, it was

agreed after a few persuasive words, that he be allowed to follow the roadway leading to Braddock. With a heart full of gratefulness he started up the road with a idea in his mind that all dangers had been overcome. "What are you going to do here?" was a query that stopped the reporter suddenly within five minutes after he had parted from his supposed friends. The reply was satisfactory.

Along up the river similar delegations were met. It was question and answer until the Penick bridge was reached. At this point a man fired a shot and it knocked the reporter out.

It Was Not a Salute. The reporter thought this a salute, but the whiz of a bullet made him stop and think. He did not have to think long before the bullet struck him in the back, and he fell. He was picked up by a man who was with him, and he was carried to a place where he was laid down. He was then carried to a place where he was laid down.

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HEARD ON THE CURBS

Sentences Caught Here and There Among the Bulletin Board Crowds.

PITY FOR THE PINKERTONS

Was Lost in the Remembrance of Their Deeds in the Past.

THE CONDUCT OF THE COMPANY

Discussed From the Standpoints of Both Capital and Labor.

THE CALL FOR A CITIZEN'S MEETING

All conversation in Pittsburgh streets yesterday was on the one all-absorbing topic of the terrible troubles at Homestead. And to all practical purposes public opinion was united in condemning the manufacturers to a greater or less degree. Plenty of deep regrets were uttered that the strikers should have been ill-advised enough to disregard the orders of their leaders and resort to violence; but even the most conservative among the talkers laid the blame at the manufacturers' door for provoking the anger

of the crowds by importing men for whom there is no deep, a hate was universally felt for the employees of Pinkerton.

As the bulletins appeared one after another, the talk would change with the current of events at the scene of action, but it always returned to a distributive against the mismanagement which had fired the passions of the workmen.

"Surely the trouble could have been fixed before it came to this pass," said one peaceable looking, well clad man.

"Of course it could," replied another whose whole bearing breathed of labor, "but the managers of the works didn't want to settle it; what they wanted was to incite the men to riots and they did it too."

"But," said the first speaker, "what object could they have in so doing?"

A Laborer's View of the Action. And the man of labor replied: "Can't you see that they want to be independent of union labor once and for all? If that's not what they want, I'd like to know why they refused to accept the services of members of the Amalgamated Association as deputy sheriffs with bonds filed as a guarantee that they would properly discharge their duties. If they didn't want to do that, why did they choose men who are the hated of the labor world to be the defenders of their property, and if they must have Pinkerton men why didn't they take 'em right into the yard by the railway?"

And this is only a sample of many similar sayings. Another opinion of the tactics of the Carnegie people was that they should either have imported no men at all or have made such a show of strength as would have been irresistible. Many were the reminiscences of 1877 recalled and chattered over during the day, and many were the comparisons drawn between then and now.

There was a strong inclination to doubt the news sent from the front, and as item after item was confirmed and the absence of exaggeration was definitely ascertained the bulletin readers were saddened and saddened the more by their convictions. Yet there was no suggestion of a panic, and with characteristic American nonchalance, laughter was indulged in whenever a speck of humor lit up the situation, and there was a general feeling that "it'll all come out right in the end."

At THE DISPATCH Bulletin Board. Talks in front of THE DISPATCH window were passed from mouth to mouth, and the second received a constant flow of the third and so on. All sorts and conditions of men were represented in the crowds, and women made remarks en passant.

"This is terrible," said one. "It hurts both sides," remarked another. "I'd give anything," said a quiet looking tradesman, "if the men hadn't fired the first shot."

"Well, now it's started. I hope they'll give them Pinkertons such a lesson as'll keep 'em out of this State for the future," went on a man who looked like a clerk of some kind. Then a lawfully looking individual added: "They may be able to run the country round Chicago and Cleveland, but they can't run this State. They can't run this State. They can't run this State."

accounts of the brutal and cowardly treatment accorded to the surrendered men as they appeared in the window evoked little but remarks to the effect that "it served them right."

"This is a Republic," said one man, with the form and semblance of a sturdy son of America, as he accentuated the "is." And a similar man replied: "It's a child; that's what it is." "But it's no child's play," said another. "It will give the labor cause a bad setback."

"That's what it was provoked for," "What a name Pittsburgh will get." "It's got it already."

"If the manufacturers simply wanted to protect their property there should have been no sneaking in about it. If their property was in danger they should have brought a strong force in by daylight, as they had a right to do, and not tried to smuggle in a few men at the mercy of the strikers by night," said an iron manufacturer.

Refusal to Accept Union Deputies. The general opinion seemed to be that so long as the offer of the Association men to be sworn in as deputies was refused, the Sheriff was powerless to get together any considerable force of local volunteers. As to the militia, attention was called to the fact that many militiamen, even from a distance, are mill workers, and that even those who are not would be likely to let their sympathy with labor rather than their military sense of duty control their movements.

Pittsburg was well posted as to the fight and not a few went back of that to discuss the differences in the scale. Most of the debaters, however, expressed an opinion that the rioting and the strike were due to no petty differences as to rate of pay, but that it was a fight deliberately entered into by the manufacturers to free themselves from the power of organized labor. There were plenty of sarcastic allusions to free

libraries and the men who made gifts of them as the result of others' toil.

Differences in Theory and Practice. Temperate talk was by no means common. A remark that the workers had no right to use force to prevent others from accepting the terms they had refused brought out a man who looked as if he had weathered many strikes, who said in a doleful tone of voice: "That's all right in theory, friend, but in practice it is found rather hard to deal with capitalists without making a show of determination to equal the tremendous strength of capital."

But in general the opinions were that the strikers had injured themselves by the use of arms and force, and that the real blame for the matter lay with those who had placed temptation in their way. There was a talk of monopolies and monopolists in the air, and the tendency of manufacturers to combine with or absorb one another, and several speakers instanced the Homestead works as rapidly approaching the position of a Pittsburgh monopoly.

After the Sheriff's proclamation appeared all peaceably minded men, and a large percentage of them indicated by their remarks that the attendance of volunteers at the Sheriff's office would not be overwhelming in its numbers. Several ladies were heard to remark: "If I am no good citizen" and a great many men made a like response to the appeal.

Attending the Sheriff's Meeting. A lady and gentleman with a noticeably nervous appearance walked past the bulletin and held the following dialogue en passant:

He—Did you read that?
She—Yes, it's infamous.
He—"Infamous," that means grub.
She—Well, you won't go, dearest, good citizen or bail.

Others were heard to mention that "if he thinks his commands mean my obedience, he will find himself left with a citizen who goes about as stout as an advertisement, as self as a volunteer, and there were numerous suggestions that by the morrow there would be little rioting to quell, and what was the military might deal with by itself.

Comparisons between Governor Pattison's inaction now and Beaver's behavior at the time of the coke strikes were often to be heard. Sometimes the past was commended at the expense of the present, but more generally the feeling ran the other way.

As the evening wore on spectators of the violence appeared and were rapidly surrounded by knots of excited auditors. But even the harrowing description given by the eye witnesses of the dastardly treatment given to the Pinkerton men after their surrender failed for the most part to draw forth any condemnation of the strikers or sympathy for the abused prisoners. It appeared on all sides that the odium in which Pinkerton men are held is such as to drown all pity, or such charity as there is must have begun and staved with the walls of Homestead or was unheard of on the sidewalks.

A New Kind of Insurance. For 25 cents you can insure yourself and family against any bad results from an attack of bowel complaint during the summer. One or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. No family can afford to be without it. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by druggists. W.B.S.

PATTISON'S POSITION

He Is Very Much Displeased With the Policy of Sheriff McCleary.

NO TROOPS TO BE SENT

Until the Civil Power Is Demonstrated to Be Insufficient.

SWEARING IN A DOZEN DEPUTIES

Was a Most Absurd Proceeding, According to the Governor.

A MEETING OF THE CABINET HELD

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.) HARRISBURG, July 6.—When Governor Pattison retired at a late hour last night he closed his eyes with the consciousness that the Homestead labor troubles would be peacefully settled, but he had scarcely entered the Executive Chamber this morning before he received the startling news of an outbreak that had already resulted in the death of several persons. This information was supplemented a short time afterward by intelligence announcing the death of ten men.

The Governor was shocked at the serious turn of affairs and anxiously awaited official information concerning the fight. About 10:45 a dispatch was received at the Executive Department from Sheriff McCleary, stating that the civil authorities were utterly unable to cope with the striking workmen, 5,000 of whom were on the ground. He spoke of his deputies having been driven away by the strikers and briefly referred to shots that had been exchanged and to the fact that several men had been killed. Prompt measures were suggested to prevent further bloodshed and to avert great destruction of property.

The Governor and the Sheriff. The Governor was evidently not satisfied with the message, as it did not show what efforts the Sheriff had made to secure a reasonably large force of deputies to preserve the peace. A reply was promptly wired that the "local authorities must exhaust every means at their command," after he had eliminated from the dispatch as originally framed a statement that there would be no military interference until it had been demonstrated that the civil power was inadequate to the preservation of peace.

The Governor during the early afternoon received a large number of dispatches of a private nature from residents of Pittsburgh and vicinity making suggestions as to the policy he should pursue with relation to the violent disturbance. Some of the writers urged him to have the troops ordered out promptly in the interest of peace, one of them expressing the fear that if such action were not taken the riots of 1877 would be more than paralleled.

Any Quantity of Advice. Most of these dispatches were from personal friends of the Governor. Other friends counseled him against too much haste in shoving the military to the front, as this mode of meeting the difficulty might be attended with more serious consequences than an attempted suppression of the outbreak by the civil authorities. Several persons, who kept the Governor posted as to the progress of the fight, insisted that the Sheriff had not exhausted his means to restore peace, and that, in view of that fact, military intervention was not justifiable.

One of them strongly intimated that the active presence of Pinkerton detectives had precipitated the conflict, which was not started until these obnoxious people made their appearance on the scene. Owing to the different views as represented in the various telegrams and the unsatisfactory character of the Sheriff's appeal for help, the Governor was unable to make up his mind as to the best policy he should pursue.

Action of the Executive. In order to read an early decision he addressed a dispatch to Sheriff McCleary asking him how many deputies he had sworn in and what measures he had taken to enforce order and protect property. Over two hours elapsed before he received a reply, which stated that 12 deputies selected by the Sheriff had been driven away by the strikers and closing with the statement that the civil authorities were powerless to meet the situation, that an armed and undisciplined force was needed to prevent further loss of life, and that immediate action was demanded from the Executive.

The Governor read the reply with evident displeasure and promptly dictated the following:

Your telegram indicates that you have not made any attempt to execute the law to enforce order, and I must insist on your calling upon the citizens for an adequate number of deputies.

During the morning and afternoon the Governor had several conferences with Secretary Harris and Attorney General Hensel relative to the situation at Homestead. Adjutant General Greenleaf, who had been in Philadelphia, reached Harrisburg this afternoon, and just before Sheriff McCleary's telegram, which elicited the above answer from the Governor, was received, the Chief Executive and his Adjutant General had a consultation as to the advisability of dispatching a portion of the National Guard to the scene of the labor trouble.

A Meeting of the Cabinet. At a late hour there was a full meeting of the Cabinet on the same subject. The Governor is thoroughly convinced that the military should not be called out to suppress the outbreak until clear evidence has been secured that the civil power is inadequate to the emergency. As an illustration of the virtue and force of the exercise of the civil power he refers to the settlement of the strike at the Pennsylvania Steel Company's works, two miles east of this city, nearly a year ago. The Dauphin county Sheriff and his deputies then had no difficulty in preserving the peace, although nearly 4,000 men were on a strike.

Pattison received a dispatch from Pittsburgh to-night from one of the Governor's staff as follows: "Pinkerton men have surrendered and strikers have allowed them to land. They are now on their way to this city. Everything is quiet now and no trouble is apprehended to-night. Your last telegram to the Sheriff has induced him to issue a proclamation calling upon strikers to meet at 9 A. M. to-morrow prepared to go to Homestead and restore order. Your course meets general approval."

Firmly Opposed to Sending Troops. Governor Pattison said to-night that he had at no time today intended to call out the troops his information not justifying such action. Soldiers are not policemen, he said, to be sent to quell any disturbance, however small. He was satisfied that a resort had been made to military interference that the settlement of the troubles at Homestead would have been deferred much longer than under existing circumstances.

The Governor took occasion to deny emphatically the truth of the dispatch from Atlantic City printed in a number of papers stating that he intended to visit Pittsburgh in response to an alleged petition asking him to go there. He had not knowledge of such a petition and also denied having sent several dispatches to Attorney General Hensel relative to the Homestead situation. Everything in the telegram he declared to

THE WANT AND MISCELLANEOUS ADS WILL BE FOUND ON THE NINTH PAGE OF TO-DAY'S DISPATCH.

be a misstatement, as he knew nothing then of any serious trouble at Homestead. The Governor said the idea of Sheriff McCleary having performed his duty in pressing into service ten deputies to suppress the outbreak was absurd.

ONE OF THE KILLED BURIED

An Artery in Joseph Lupa's Leg Was Severed by a Bullet, and He Died. Yesterday afternoon a pine coffin stained red, a figure in blue overalls, a black driver and a gray horse, rattled down Stevenson street, and all that was mortal of Joseph Lupa, a striking workman of the Homestead Steel Company, was hauled over the uneven streets of Pittsburgh to his home in St. Mary's cemetery.

Joseph Lupa and a fellow workman were wounded early yesterday morning, when the Pinkertons attacked the guard at the works. Both were shot below the joint of the knee, but the bullet that struck Lupa had been billeted and out one of the main arteries of the leg. His case was hopeless when he arrived at the hospital, but it was thought his robust strength would pull him through. The examination made by the surgeons shortly after his entrance into the hospital decided his fate.

His body was turned over to the Coroner at sunset last evening.

Among the Toughs. Two of our most noted confidence men died yesterday evening to work Dr. O. G. Getty, of Meyers & Co., but the doctor got away with them in short order. Hereafter these men will give the wily and muscular doctor a wide berth.

Volksbrau. Pure lager beer, made from hops and malt, without a particle of adulteration. Just the drink for hot weather. Bottled or on tap. Manufactured by Beck & Co., Ober, Prussia.

SWALL in also, great in results; Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation best for sick headache and sour stomach.

BIBER & EASTON.

WASH DRESS GOODS.

Exquisite Colorings, Gorgeous Designs, Delicate Sprays, Spots, Stripes, Etc.

Many Thousands of Yards for Your Selection.

India Cashmere Satines, 9c.
Canton Crepes, 12½c.
Voila Lanie, 15c.
Printed Bontage, 10c.
Shantung Pongee, 12½c.
Llama Novelities, 15c.
Llama Cloths, 12½c.
Printed Dimities, 12½c.
English Chevots (30-inch), for Shirts and Waists, 20c.
Beautiful Crinkles, 25c.
36-Inch Printed Muslins, 6½c.

All the above are 24 to 36-inch width. Light, medium and dark grounds.

A PERFECT EXPOSITION

SUMMER DRESS FABRICS

AT NEW LOW PRICES.

BIBER & EASTON,

405 AND 507 MARKET ST. 137-7780

FINE WALL PAPER.

Choice Patterns at 5c, 10c and 15c.

English and American varieties. Titles and patterns of the latest styles. IMITATION OF STAINED GLASS.

J. KERWIN MILLER & CO., No. 543 Southfield Street, PITTSBURGH. 137-7780

FINE STATIONERY,

Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards, Etc. ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

W. V. DERMITT & CO., 39 Sixth Avenue. 137-7780

CARPETS!

\$1.00 FOR BEST MOQUETTES.

\$1.25 For Best Axminsters.

We have just received 5,000 yards of SMITH'S best quality Moquette Carpets, same goods that sell everywhere from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Our price will be \$1 per yard.

4,000 yards BIGELOW'S Axminsters, best quality, never sells less than \$1.75, most everywhere at \$2, we now offer at the unprecedentedly low price of \$1.25 per yard.

Never were two such bargains as the above offered in this city. We invite anybody to call and inspect these goods, then go elsewhere and see what the same grade is selling at. You will return to us to buy.

COME AT ONCE.

EDWARD GROETZINGER,

627 AND 629 PENN AVE. 137-7780

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Leading Dry Goods House. Wednesday, July 6, 1892.

JOS. HORNE & CO.'S

PENN AVENUE STORES.

CONTINUATION OF OUR GREAT

MIDSUMMER SALE.

According to our custom we make a great MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE for the purpose of closing out all spring and summer stocks. But this season we have a special reason for making this the greatest sale these stores have known.

The reason is that we shall not carry a single yard of summer goods or a single summer garment to

OUR NEW STORE

NOW BEING BUILT AT Penn Av. and Fifth St.

The new store must be opened with fresh new stocks throughout. Remember that our need of clearing out stock is imperative, and we have made prices that will surely accomplish the desired result.

This Must Be an Absolute Clearance of Everything Pertaining to Summer Wear or Summer Use.

TO-DAY LINENS.

Cream Damasks.

60-inch Cream Damasks, Irish, AT 40c A YARD, reduced from 50c.
60-inch extra stout Loom Dico Damask AT 50c A YARD, reduced from 60c.
60-inch extra stout Loom Dico Damask AT 60c A YARD, reduced from 70c.
60-inch best Belfast Cream Damask AT 80c A YARD, reduced from 90c.
70-inch best Belfast Cream Damask AT 70c A YARD, reduced from 80c; AT 80c A YARD, reduced from 90c; AT 81c A YARD, reduced from 91c.